for wormes, but Ile goe search the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three are foure thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Baud. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke up some pretty estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving ore.

Baud. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirats and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say she's a virgin?

Sayl. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this peece you see, If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Baud. Boult, ha's she any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: there is no further necessitie of qualities can make her be refusd.

Baud. What's her price *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shall have your money presently: wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheape thing, if men were as they have been: Get this done as I commandyou.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow: He should have strucke, not spoke;

Or

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to seeke my mo
Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?
Mar. That I am pretty.
Baud. Come, the gods have done their part in yo
Mar. I accuse them not.
Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to live.
Mar. The more my fault, to scape his hands,
Where I was like to die.
Baud. I, and you shall live in pleasure.
Mar. No.
Baud. Yes indeede shall you, and taste Gentlem
shions. You shall fare well; you shall have the diff
complexions: what de'ye stop your eares?
Mar. Are you a woman?
Baud. What would you have me to be, if I be
man?
Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.
Baud. Marry whip thee Gosling: I thinke I shal
to do with you. Come, ye'are a young foolish sapli
be bowed as I would have ye.
Mar. The gods defend me.
Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by me
must comfort you, men must feede you, men must-st
Boults return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?
Boult. I have cride her almost to the number o
I have drawne her picture with my voyce.
Baud. And prethee tell me, how dost thou finde
tion of the people, especially of the yonger sort?
Boult. Faith they listend to me, as they would ha
to their fathers Testament. There was a Spaniar
watered, that he went to bed to her very descripti
Baud. Wee shall have him here to morrow w
ruffe on.